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BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

(1)
AT SUDBURY, MASS.

APRIL 18, 1876.

FULL REPORT OF EXERCISES.

INCLUDING THE ORATION

BY

(3)
PROF. EDWARD J. YOUNG,

OF HARVARD COLLEGE.



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1876.

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BI-CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION

1670

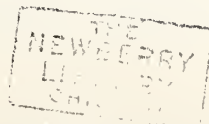


1870

THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

AT SUDBURY, MASS.

APRIL 18, 1876.



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Sudbury, Mass.

Bi-centennial celebration at Sudbury, Mass., April 15-17, 1876.
Full report of exercises, including the oration by Prof. Edward J. Young ... [Sudbury, Mass., Trustees of the Green
now library; [Lowell, Mass., Printed by Marden and Rowell,
1876.

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ORATION.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

We are living in a year that is crowded with historic recollections. The incidents connected with the war of our independence have been so fully rehearsed to us, that that period is almost as familiar as the present. To-day, however, we meet to commemorate an event which took place long before the stirring scenes of the Revolution, when Massachusetts was not yet a State, nor even a province, but only a colony. While the nation is celebrating its centennial with great joy, you mark this year as your two hundredth anniversary. Your ancient town has a history and has memorials such as none of the modern ones can claim, which must ever give to it a peculiar interest. And there is a charm in reverting to those early days, which were so different from ours, when the red man roamed through the forests, and nature was in her primitive simplicity, and the first settlers had just obtained a foothold in the country. We go back to that time with the same feelings of wonder as when we meet with the evidences of Roman civilization in



England. As the traveller to that country is astonished to find in the very heart of London, under the Coal Exchange, a Roman bath which is connected with the river Thames, which is furnished with stone seats and is still admirably preserved, so the visitor who comes for the first time to this region is surprised to learn that here are buildings still standing which were erected when the aborigines possessed the land, and that a deadly battle was fought here with the representatives of a race which has since entirely disappeared, in which the most heroic courage was exhibited and the most terrible sufferings were endured by our ancestors a hundred years previous to the birth of the republic. Yet, though that age seems somewhat distant, two centuries is not a long period in the life of a people. In the little university town of Göttingen in Germany there is a house that was built before America was discovered; and within a few hours' journey from it is a cathedral, the crypt of which is said to date back to the age of Charlemagne. There is no such desire in that country to destroy the ancient edifices as seems in many places to prevail with us.

In order that we may be able to understand the circumstances of that time, let us glance at the condition of this place as it then existed, a picture of which we may derive from the earliest records, from the statements of contemporary historians, and from other original sources of information.

Sudbury was first settled as early as 1638, and the township was established in 1639, less than a score of years after the landing at Plymouth. It was five



miles square, and was bounded by Watertown on one side and by the wilderness on another, and, according to an old map published in 1677, it joined Concord, Groton and Marlborough. The number of original inhabitants was fifty-four, and among them we find the names of Goodnow, Hunt, Bent, Loker, Maynard, Parmenter, Rutter, and shortly after we meet with Grout, Brigham, Willis and others. The earliest settlements were on the east side of the river, in what is now Wayland. Here, in the old burying ground, the first meeting-house was built in 1642, which was a log house of one story, eight feet high, having six windows; and every man was ordered to attend the raising of it, or send a substitute, or else forfeit two shillings and sixpence for his default. Here, also, the second meeting-house was erected in 1652; and it was voted that there should be a convenient place for the storing of the ammunition of the town over the window in the southwest gable of it, and afterward it was surrounded by a stockade, as a defence against the Indians. The earliest burials were made near this spot; and on an old tombstone may still be deciphered this inscription:

HERE · LYETH · Y^E · BODY · OF · ANNE
 Y^E · WIFE · OF · CAP · EDMOND · GOOD
 ENOW · WHO · DYED · Y^E 9 : OF : MA
 RCH | 1675 : | AGED · 67 · YEARS
 6

This stone, which lies in a horizontal position, as it was originally placed, was inscribed a year before



the battle in this town. There are other slabs, bearing the dates 1676 and 1688.*

Undoubtedly the principal cause of the very early occupancy of this "plantation," as it was then called, was the luxuriancy of the meadows, where the grass is described as being thick and strong and as high as a man's middle, and some as high as the shoulders, so that one could cut three loads in a day. They were, however, liable to be overflowed, and a writer of that period says of the town that it is "furnished with great plenty of fresh marsh, but it lying very low, is much indamaged by land floods, insomuch that when the summer proves wet they lose part of their hay; yet are they so sufficiently provided that they take in cattle of other towns to winter."† In 1668, the river mead-

* Each slab is about six feet long by two and a half feet wide. The letters generally have dots between them, and there are some interlineations. The following is an exact copy of the inscriptions:

HERE · LYETH · Y^e · BODY · OF · IOSEPH
 GOODENOW · WHO · DYED · Y^e · 30 · OF
 MAY · 1676 · AGED 31 YERS

 FEBY · 18 · 1691
 HEARE LYETH · Y^e · PRETIOVS
 DVST · OF THAT · EMENANT · SARW^{NT}
 OF · GOD · CAP · EDMOND · GOOD
 ENOW · WHO · DIED · YE · 77 · OF^{yeare} · HIS
 AYGE · APRIL · YE · 6 · 1688

† Johnson, History of New England, 1654, p. 141. The same writer says: "This Towne is very well watered and hath store of plow-land, but by reason of the oaken roots they have little broke up, considering the many Acres the place affords; but this kinde of land requires great strength to break up, yet brings very good crops, and lasts long without mending; the people are industrious and have encreased in their estates, some of them, yet the great distance it lyes from the Mart Towns maketh it burdensome to the Inhabitants to bring their corne so far by land; some Gentlemen here have laid out part of their estates in proeuring farmes, by reason of the store of meadow."



ows were so completely flooded that those who hired them were released from payment of the rent. Four years after the incorporation of the town a ferry was established, which was kept by Thomas Noyes for one year, and he was allowed to take twopence for a single passenger and a penny a head for a greater number. Ten years later, we are told, the causeway was so much injured in the spring by the heavy rains that an extra rate was voted to repair it, and the surveyors were authorized to call out men for the work. In 1659, a new mill for grinding the corn of the town was built on the site of the old one at Hop-brook, and a new highway was laid out from the gravel pits on the west side of the river to the said mill, six rods wide. The making of tar from the huge pines in the forest became quite a lucrative business, so that persons came over from the neighboring towns, cut down the trees, and were sued for trespass.

We can learn what was raised on the farms by noting what was voted as the salary of the minister. The first pastor of the church, which was the nineteenth built in Massachusetts, Rev. Edmund Brown, was paid forty pounds a year; and the second pastor, Rev. James Sherman, was offered his choice — either sixty pounds in money, or eighty pounds, half in money and the other half in “country pay at country price.” This latter included pork, beef, mutton, butter, cheese, wheat, rye, Indian corn, peas, hemp and flax. The spinning-wheel was then a necessary article in every family, and homespun fabrics were universal. All neat cattle above a year old, it was required, should be herded and put in charge of some person, and



sixpence a head was the penalty for every one found without a keeper. Swine must have a yoke on their necks and a ring in their snouts to prevent rooting, and damage to the corn. "The bottom part of every yoke is to be as long as the swine (standing upon his fore feet) is high from the ground to the top of his shoulder; and sticks that are placed up and down through the yoke are to be six inches higher than the neck and three inches lower than the bottom of the yoke that is usually placed acrosswise under his throat (for all swine of a year old and upward, and so proportionably for all swine that are younger); only the fine on abovesaid penalty [6d.] shall not be required or paid above once in one day." These yokes must be worn from the fifteenth of April to the end of the Indian harvest. In the woods were found bears, deer, raccoons, wild-cats, wolves and foxes. A bounty of one shilling and sixpence was offered for every fox killed within the limits of the town, ten shillings and even twenty shillings were promised for every wolf, while a penny was given for every jay and every woodpecker. There were also beavers and otters in such numbers that a considerable trade was done in furs, which was a source of profit to the government.

Since this was a frontier town, it was exposed to the inroads of the Indians. Here formerly had been their habitations, as the numerous arrow-heads which are picked up every year in various parts of Wayland and Sudbury attest. On the table before you are many interesting antiquities, such as stone gauges (one of them ribbed and rudely ornamented), stone chisels, a stone axe, a stone plummet, and so forth. I hold in



my hand an arrow-head and a spear-head, such as were in common use at that day. Here, too, is a stone war club and a tomahawk which were picked up in the north part of the town, and which were fearful implements of destruction in the hands of the savages. Here, also, they found excellent opportunities to fish and hunt, going on their trails through the forest and paddling their canoes along the river. Some of the names of those who once lived in this vicinity have come down to us. Cato, called Goodman, probably on account of his character or benevolent disposition, sold the first land to the people of Sudbury. His wigwam is spoken of in the Town Records, and it was situated doubtless on Goodman's hill.* Nataous, called William, was another who was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Rev. Mr. Brown. Jethro, still another, whose original name was Tantamous, resided on Nobseot Hill, but having joined those who were hostile to the English, he was betrayed by his own son, and was executed in Boston in 1676. The

* In the Suffolk Registry of Deeds may be seen a copy of the original deed given by Cato, otherwise Goodman, to Walter Lane and Luke Griffin in behalf of themselves and the rest of the planters of Sudbury, in which, for and in consideration of fyve pounds, he gives and grants, bargains and sells so much land, with all meadows, brooks, liberties, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging; and the bounds of the town are to be full fyve miles square. The deed was signed on the twentieth day of the fourth month, in the year sixteen hundred forty-six; and, in place of the name, is drawn a figure of a four-legged animal lying on his back, with a cross made upon its side. As witnesses there appear, besides the names of two Englishmen, those of two Indians, "Cutchamekin" and "Jojeuny, brother to Cato," each of whom makes his mark. At the close is the attestation:—

"This deed was sealed and acknowledged by ye said Cato (who truly understood the contents of it) before me.

JOHN WINTHROP, Governor."



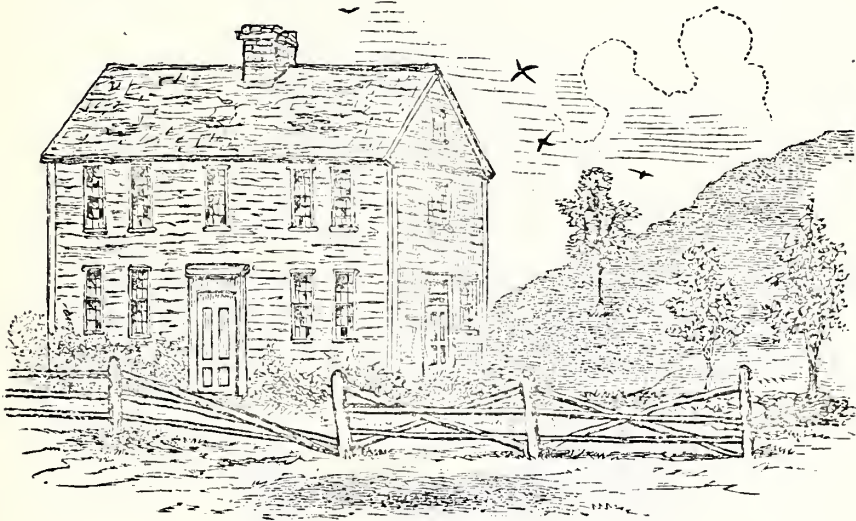
Indians were provided with firearms, which, notwithstanding the law, were sold to them by some of the white people for the sake of gain. This made them much more dangerous neighbors, and lest any of the inhabitants should be induced through fear to move away, the General Court passed an order prohibiting emigration from any of the sparsely settled towns without leave of the magistrates, since thereby such places would be left more defenceless. The colonists were obliged to go armed even to church.

"Each man equipped, on Sunday morn,
With psalm-book, shot and powder horn."

When an attack was made, they would abandon their homes and flee for refuge to the garrison houses, where they could be protected. There are still standing in this town three buildings which, either in whole or in part, have been preserved as they were erected, and well illustrate the simple yet substantial architecture of that day. The first of these is that known as the Haynes Garrison, near the river, which in recent years has been altered and repaired, but which originally must have been of great strength and durability, as the huge beams, ten by fourteen inches thick, and the massive chimney bear witness. Far more interesting, however, because it is almost entirely unchanged, is the dwelling now owned by the venerable Mr. Willard Walker, which was built by his great-grandfather two hundred years ago, and which has been in the possession of the family ever since. There is one beam in this house even larger than in the other, measuring twelve by fourteen inches. The



building is covered on all sides with four-inch plank of pitch pine, which is set up endwise and reaches to the roof, and is held on the inside by wooden pins.



It is thus made bullet-proof. The chimney, likewise, is immense, and has several enormous flues, while the fireplace was large enough to contain logs that were eight feet long. The windows were originally of diamond-shaped glass set in lead, but these have been removed. It is a most unique curiosity and an invaluable relic, which ought never to be destroyed. No money ought to be able to purchase it, and no inducement should make its owners willing to part with it. Contemporaneous with the two already mentioned is another, which, though not constructed for purposes of defence, has been far more celebrated, which has been the resort of the witty and wise, has been sung by the



poets, and has been the scene of many a private and public rejoicing. It is unnecessary for me to say that I allude to the "Wayside Inn," which formerly was known as the "Red Horse Inn."

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way.
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall."

The oldest part of the house with its heavy beams and its capacious chimney evidently belongs to the colony times, as do the oaks outside, through the



branches of which two hundred years have hurled their storms. This inn has always been associated with the Howes, having been kept by one of them for



more than a century since 1666. It is, however, recorded that in 1654 the town agreed that John Parmenter should keep a house of common entertainment, and that the Court should be moved in his behalf to grant him a license. This house was spared by the Indians when they burned many buildings in the town, and tradition says that Captain Wadsworth's men stopped here for refreshment and drink before they went into the fight.

Having thus taken a cursory view of the prominent features of the town as it then was, let us turn next to the history. The year of King Philip's war, which began in June, 1675, was a very disastrous one for the colony. It was marked by the burning of villages, the destruction of crops and cattle, and the massacre or carrying into captivity of women and children. It is not easy for us to conceive of the excitement and alarm that prevailed throughout New England, every one being in dread of the "terror by night and of the arrow that flieth by day." The babe was not safe in the cradle nor the mother in her home. The blowing of the wind seemed like the whistling of bullets, and the war was carried on by stratagem on the part of a relentless foe, who, with the firebrand, the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, spread desolation and terror in every quarter. An Indian named Netus, together with others, who pretended to be friendly, set fire to the dwelling and other buildings of Mr. Thomas Eames, which was just within the limits of Framingham, killed his wife, threw her body into the flames, and carried his nine children into captivity. The



husband, who was a member of the church in Sudbury and had formerly resided here, was absent at the time, and he returned only in season to look upon the smouldering ruins. This barbarous warfare was carried on simultaneously in all parts of the settlement. One town after another was ravaged or laid in ashes. Brookfield, Springfield, Hadley, Deerfield, Northfield were attacked, and then Lancaster, Medfield, Weymouth, Groton, Warwick, Marlborough were assaulted. At Lancaster, where Mrs. Rowlandson and her children were captured and carried into captivity, many of the inhabitants had previously been residents of Sudbury, and the town would have been consumed if Captain Wadsworth had not come in great haste to its relief.

On the 27th of March, after Marlborough had been destroyed, Lieutenant Jacobs of Captain Brocklebank's company, with forty soldiers belonging to the garrison of that town, including many Sudbury men, sallied forth in the night and surprised three hundred Indians who were sleeping round a large fire, killed thirty of them, wounded others, and retired without losing a single man. After this the Indians increased in large numbers in this vicinity, so that minute men were appointed to spread the alarm at the first sight of the savages. On the 8th of April the inhabitants here petitioned the Governor and Council, in consequence of the approach of the enemy "made apparent by a late firing near us and constant smokes every day about us," and fearing lest they might suffer the same fate as others, that twenty able and sufficient



men should be furnished under the command of Lieutenant Ephraim Curtis, who should be as scouts to range the woods and to be in readiness upon any occasion. "And we shall adde unto y^e said Scout out of our towne so many men more, although we can hardly spare them and secure our garrisons." Since Captain Curtis belonged to this town and was perfectly familiar with it, this company, it was presumed, would be very serviceable; but unfortunately, in consequence of some delay, they were not ready for duty until after the 18th. On the day of the battle Captain Curtis was in Boston, and the men whom he would have commanded were in the garrisons, so that no assistance could be rendered by them when it was most wanted.

We come now to the immediate history of the fight. Captain Samuel Wadsworth of Milton had been ordered to repair to Marlborough with fifty soldiers to strengthen the garrison at that place. On his way he marched through Sudbury, and passed the Indians who were lying concealed in large numbers, but who kept themselves undiscovered. On the next morning, however, they assaulted and burned most of the houses that were on the east side of the river. The people, though greatly distressed, made a vigorous resistance, and, being joined by some soldiers from Watertown under command of Captain Hugh Mason, a check was given to the enemy, so that "those that were gotten over the river to the east side of the town were forced to retreat unto the west side of the river, where also several English inhabited." Major-General Gookin, who was in active service at the time, adds



that there were many women among the enemy who were placed in the centre of the attacking body and were furnished with pieces of wood cut in the form of guns to make the force seem to be very great; and indeed it was estimated as not less than fifteen hundred.* When the news of this attack reached Concord twelve resolute young men hastened to the defence of their neighbors. They fell, however, into an ambuscade near the garrison house of Walter Haynes, where several squaws appeared dancing and shouting. As they pursued them a large number of Indians who lay unseen in the bushes rose up and rushed upon them, and, notwithstanding they made a desperate resistance, most of them were slain.† Among those who were killed was James Hosmer, great-great-great-grandfather of Rev. Dr. George W. Hosmer, formerly President of Antioch College and now pastor of Channing Church in Newton. In a letter to me he says, "My grandfather, when resistance was in vain, plunged into the river to swim across, and a bullet passed through his head. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Rowlandson of Lancaster."

When Captain Wadsworth reached Marlborough, he learned what had befallen Sudbury; and, although he had marched all the day and night before and his men were much exhausted, he hastened back with all

* Gookin's History of the Christian Indians, in the Collections of the American Antiquarian Society, II, 510, 511. Drake's Old Indian Chronicle, 1867, pp. 233, 255.

† Shattuck, History of Concord, pp. 57, 58. Hubbard, in his "Present State of New England," page 80, says that this occurred on the same day as the battle.



the speed he could, being accompanied by Captain Brocklebank, together with those that could be taken from the garrison at Marlborough. The latter indeed had petitioned the Council that they might be dismissed, alleging their necessities and wants, inasmuch as they had been in the country's service ever since the first of January at Narragansett, and within one week after their return had been sent out again, without having had either time or money (save a fortnight's pay upon their march) to recruit themselves. But their request had not been granted, for the reason probably that they could not be spared. The force arrived in the afternoon within a mile and a half of the town, and the Indians, who had hid themselves behind the hills, sent out some of their number to cross the march of the whites, and decoy them into an ambush. The plot succeeded; for the savages, appearing to fly and to be frightened, drew on the English who followed them for some distance into the woods. Here they found themselves suddenly surrounded by more than five hundred of the enemy, who, raising the war-whoop sprang forth with hideous yells and began to fire upon them. Our soldiers, says Mather, "fought like men and more than so," and after a desperate struggle they retreated and succeeded in gaining the western side of Green hill. Though outnumbered and fatigued, they here gallantly defended themselves for four hours, losing only five men, while the Indians lost more than one hundred. Night was now coming on, and their situation became perilous. The savages then set fire to the woods, which, as the grass was dry and the wind



blew hard, burned with great fierceness, so that our fathers were almost blinded and suffocated by the heat and smoke. They were forced to abandon their position in disorder, whereupon the Indians fell upon them like tigers, and the little band was almost literally cut to pieces. Wadsworth, covered with wounds, was, it is said, among the last that fell, endeavoring to keep his company together and encouraging them to the end; while during the terrible encounter the blasts of Brocklebank's trumpet rang out clear and strong, urging on his men though the blood was streaming from his many wounds. Thirty, including these and the two other officers, were slain on the field and were buried in a common grave. Only twenty escaped. A few of them fled to a mill which was fortified, but had been deserted. The enemy, supposing that it was strong, did not venture to attack it, and the soldiers were afterwards rescued by Captain Prentice and Captain Crowell, who came thither, but not in season to save Captain Wadsworth. Five or six were taken prisoners; and, says Cotton Mather, "that the reader may understand what it is to be taken by such devils incarnate, I shall here inform him: they stripped these unhappy prisoners and caused them to run the gauntlet, and whipped them after a cruel and bloody manner; they then threw hot ashes upon them, and cutting off collops of their flesh, they put fire into their wounds, and so with exquisite, leisurely, horrible torments, roasted them out of the world."* Mrs. Rowlandson relates that one Englishman whom the

* Mather's *Magnalia*, I, 494.



victors brought alive with them reported that it was too true, for they had made sad work at Sudbury.

On the day after the battle the Indians besieged the Haynes garrison house and tried to burn it. They shot arrows of pitch pine lighted at the end into the thatched roof, but the fire was extinguished, and they suffered much from the arms of the garrison. One squaw lost six sons, who were considered distinguished and valiant warriors, as a young man, who was then a prisoner among the attacking party, afterwards testified. A cart loaded with flax which had been stolen from a neighboring barn, was then set on fire and rolled down against the garrison; but this was upset by striking against a stump, and with its contents was consumed. The enemy were so elated with their victory upon the hill, that they sent word to the authorities in Boston to provide store of good cheer, for they intended to dine with them on election day.

The date of the battle has from the first been a matter of uncertainty, and it has ever since been a subject of dispute. We ought not perhaps to be surprised at this, since the distance from Charlestown and Boston was considerable, the intelligence might be delayed, and different statements might be made by persons who had different sources of information. In favor of the 18th of April are Hubbard, President Wadsworth of Harvard College, who was pastor of the First Church in Boston in 1696, twenty years after the fight, and Rev. Peter Hobart of Hingham; they are followed by Charles Hudson. Those who give the 21st as the true date are General Gookin, the



Letters of the Massachusetts Council, a narrative written in Boston in July, 1676, the Roxbury Records, the Probate Records of Middlesex, and this date is adopted by Savage, Drake, Barry, Gage, Shattuck, Dexter, and others. Governor Boutwell, in his address at the dedication of the Monument said, it may not be proved that the battle was fought on the 18th, but it is settled that it was fought previous to the 21st; and afterwards he maintained that the former was the correct date. Dr. Palfrey, in his history, records the defeat of Captain Wadsworth as having occurred April 20th, thus giving an intermediate day, while in his abridgment it is set down as on the 18th. Since our most impartial historians thus differ, it seems likely that the exact date must ever remain an open question.*

The slaughter of the brave men who fell on yonder heights was felt as a severe loss to the country. Governor Winslow, in a letter which is still preserved at the State House, says: "god is still writing bitter things against us. the Lord help us to make a good improvement of every dispensation."† Even the friendly Indian soldiers, who came upon the battle ground the next day, wept when they saw so many English lying dead among the slain. The two principal officers especially, who were both forty-six years of age at the time of their deaths, were most highly esteemed

*The fullest discussion of this subject with an elaborate report upon it may be found in the New England Hist. and Gen. Register, VII, 221, and XX, 135, 341. See also Savage, Gen. Dictionary, IV, 380. Hudson, History of Marlborough, p. 75. Barry, History of Massachusetts, I, 438. Palfrey, History of New England, III, 192.

† Mass. Archives, Vol. 68, p. 243.



for their characters as well as services. "Worthy and pious captains" they are called, "men for piety, prudence and courage eminent, and much lamented." Captain Samuel Wadsworth is spoken of as "that resolute, stout-hearted soldier," "one worthy to live in our history under the name of a good man;" and Captain Samuel Brocklebank is described as "a godly and choice-spirited man." There were also killed in the fight, Lieut. John Sharp of Brookline, Lieut. Samuel Gardner of Roxbury, and others, "as brave soldiers as any were ever employed in the present service."* Besides these were Josiah Nowell, a friendly Indian, and John Tahatta, a sagamore or chief of second rank, both of whom were mortally wounded.

On the receipt of the news of this disaster the Governor and Council directed that forty troopers from Suffolk and as many from Middlesex, well accoutred and completely armed, should march to Sudbury and discover where the Indians might be, and if they found them going in the direction of either Concord or Medfield that they should visit those places and report forthwith their condition and the enemy's movements. After this Plymouth, Bridgewater and Scituate were assailed. But the war had culminated. The tide of success now turned against the Indians. Philip's influence began to wane. His resources were exhausted, his allies upbraided and deserted him, his enemies increased, and he retired to Mount Hope only to find it "Mount Misery" and "Mount Confusion."

* Hubbard adds, "Thus, as in former attempts of like nature, too much courage and eagerness in pursuit of the Enemy hath added another fatal blow to this poor Country."



Here he was surrounded by his pursuers and his wife and son were captured. Driven into a swamp he was finally shot by one of his own race, in fulfilment of his prediction that no Englishman should ever kill him. Thus the sachem of Pokanoket, the chief of the Wampanoags, who had been the terror of New England, perished August 12th, falling upon his face in the mud and water with his gun under him. In a picture of him, which may be seen in Bancroft's history, he is represented as having a large frame and stalwart limbs, a high forehead and piercing eyes, standing with his arms crossed in an attitude of independence, and looking like a wily and formidable foe.* He was terribly and justly feared; but, though conflicts continued after his death, the prestige and power of his tribe were broken. During the year the colony lost six hundred of its best men, so that there was scarcely a family which was not in mourning; thirteen towns were entirely destroyed, and many more suffered from pillage and depredation. The expense of the war, including losses, has been estimated at not less than half a million dollars, no small sum for those days, and, in proportion to the wealth of the country at the time, as great as that which a century later was the price of our national independence.

It is somewhat remarkable that in the first volume of the town records which relate to this period no allusion whatsoever is made to the battle. The

*Bancroft, History of the United States, Tenth Ed. 1844, II, 109. Philip appears far less dignified and commanding in the likeness which was originally published by Church, and which is prefixed to Drake's Indian Biography.



usual business appears to have been transacted, but the reader seeks in vain for any reference to an event which was to stand forth more prominently than any other in the future history of Sudbury. A singular silence is observed also in regard to the Indians. The earliest mention of them which I have found is in May, 1692, sixteen years after the battle, when it was agreed to call the people together for the choice of all town officers next lecture day at twelve of the clock, or after lecture if any be had, "it being a troublesome time with the Indians." In 1688 the public stock of ammunition, namely, powder, shot and flints, was distributed to various persons who engaged to respond for the same in case that it should not be spent in real service in the resistance of the enemy. In 1650 it was ordered that a part of the town rate should be to pay for the halberd, which was a weapon with a shaft about six feet long, being a spear and battle-axe combined, intended for cutting and thrusting, which has now gone out of use.

Since the parish and town at that time were identical, ecclesiastical as well as civil affairs are found intermingled in the town records. Thus in 1654 John Goodenow was discharged from the town's engagement for beating the drum to call persons to meeting. In 1655, upon the pastor's request, the town granted that he have liberty to set up his seat for his wife in the new meeting house under the window by the pulpit. In 1677 the names are mentioned of persons who had offered themselves for the first month to travel with horses and weekly to fetch and return preachers for



the supply of the town at least every Lord's day during the pastor's illness. At a meeting of the inhabitants in January, 1679, it was ordered that the selectmen should visit the families of this town and speedily inspect the same as to inmates, loose persons, but especially examine children and servants about their improvement as to reading and catechism, and return an account of that matter at the next meeting. The selectmen attended to their duty and made report that, having gone over the houses throughout the town from house to house and inspected and made inquiry, they find that all children and young persons are in a forward and growing way as to reading and catechizing, and as to work and employment that they are generally diligent and in a hopeful, thriving way in all respects. In 1678 a committee was appointed to collect of the inhabitants of the town what may be wanting of the sum granted towards the new College at Cambridge, in building according to an order of the General Court. The collection was made, as appears from the following receipt. "Cambridge, this 10th of March, 1678. Received of Several persons of the Town of Sudbury several parcels of corn amounting to (with the transportation from Sudbury to Cambridge) the full sum of what was there subscribed to contribute to the new building for the College. I say received by me, William Manning." The next year Mr. Peter Noyes was chosen to serve as a deputy in the General Court, and he openly declared that he freely gave to the town his time, charge, diet, in and about his service at the aforesaid session of the General Court,



which the town thankfully accepted, and ordered that he should not be assessed upon the next town rate. One other item may be given, in regard to the tavern. In 1684, upon the uncomfortable representations and reports concerning the miscarriage of things at the Ordinary of the town, it was ordered that three or four of the Selectmen inquire into the matter and that they advise with Mr. Walker and his wife and labor by persuasion with them, with all convenient speed, to take down their sign and to lay down and relinquish their selling of any drink.

There is another topic connected with our subject that yet remains to be considered, namely, the character of the Indians and the treatment of them by our forefathers. What judgment are we to form of the red men, and of the course of action which was pursued towards them by our ancestors? We are happily in a position where we can look at this subject without prejudice. Our remoteness from that period enables us to be disinterested and impartial. We can be just to both parties. There can no longer be any feelings of bitterness against the one, and it is not necessary for us to defend the faults of the other. We should have no desire or motive except to ascertain the truth. And for this purpose we need to have carefully pondered all the facts, divested our minds of all preconceived opinions, and set ourselves back amid the circumstances of that age. It would be manifestly unjust to allow the views which we may hold in regard to the Indians of our day and the manner in which they have been dealt with, to determine our conclu-



sions in regard to the conduct of the Puritans two hundred years ago. Each historical period is to be judged by itself.

There have not been wanting those who declare that the Indians have from the beginning received nothing but wrong at the hands of the white men; that they have first been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions by mereenary and wanton warfare, and then that their characters have been vilified by the misrepresentations of hostile writers. Their great chieftains, it has been said, have been persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. On the other hand there are those who exonerate the founders of New England altogether, denounce the aborigines as savages and pagans, and affirm that they deserved their fate.

It is never safe for us to form our estimate of any class of men from the romancers and poets. They idealize and embellish. In order to make an attractive tale or poem, they select such scenes or traits as would be pleasing, while they omit or throw into the background those that would be repelling. They magnify the virtues but palliate or conceal the vices of individuals. Hence the impression which is left by them upon the mind is often incorrect. If this impression is received in childhood, it may never be entirely effaced. The sympathies are then easily excited by the story of misfortune, and we always take the side of the oppressed. This has been our experience in regard to the Indian. We have wept over his sufferings, we have been indignant at his wrongs, we



have blushed for some of the doings of our fathers whom we would gladly venerate. We have seen the red man steadily retire and disappear, and we have confessed with shame that we and those who have preceded us have caused him to be exterminated from the country. When however we have become better acquainted with those times, and reason has taken the place of sentiment, we have felt that we ought not to condemn our ancestors unheard; that as they were upright, God-fearing men, they could not have committed any intentional injustice; that since "New England was a plantation of religion and not a plantation of trade," the first settlers are not lightly to be accused as deliberate, selfish robbers and murderers. Not until we have put ourselves in their places are we in a condition to understand their conduct; and not until we have taken a broader view, and have inquired into the higher reasons for all this and the design of Providence in permitting it, are we prepared to approach the problem that is presented to us in the removal of an entire race from this continent, and the substitution for it of a new stock from the old world.

The Indian is an attractive figure as we see him at a distance, as we behold his form painted on the canvas, or cut in the pure white marble. When we read of the "children of the forest," and how

"wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

we picture to ourselves a being possessing not only admirable physical proportions, but also characteristics which we can esteem. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, however, the fascination and



the charm vanish. If we had visited the wigwam of a chief we should have found the royal residence a smoky and filthy hut, and the royal ermine a blanket or bearskin that was filled with vermin. The mode of living of this king and his personal habits would have seemed to us repulsive. His two principal employments were war and hunting; and, when not engaged in these, he was idle or asleep. His wife performed all the menial drudgery. He himself had great courage and endurance, but no tenderness or compassion. He was, for the most part, haughty, sullen, and revengeful.

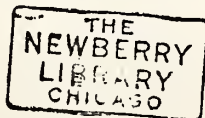
Yet, though this is the general character of the North American savage, let us not forget that there were honorable men among them, like Massasoit, that faithful friend and ally of our fathers whose name can never be mentioned without honor. And it was not without reason that the Indians grew suspicious and finally rose in arms against the English. They had seen the settlements of the invaders constantly increasing, and their own hunting grounds contracted, so that instead of forests there were cultivated fields. Their means of subsistence were thus steadily diminished. They witnessed not only the transfer of the domains, which they and their fathers had occupied, into the hands of strangers, but they saw before them in the future their own gradual extinction. They felt the superiority of the foreigner. They had experienced many outrages from him. We cannot censure them for fighting on their own land for their lives and property. If they had had a historian to tell the story



of their trials and to do justice to their claims, a very strong defence doubtless would have been presented.

Nor, on the other hand, can we blame our ancestors for their policy and action. They felt authorized in doing what they did. They had no desire to injure the natives. They endeavored to deal fairly with them. They never, except once in the course of war, despoiled them of any territory. They always made compensation, giving indeed frequently a small sum, yet what was satisfactory at the time. "I think I can truly say," wrote the Governor of Plymouth colony in 1676, "that before these present troubles broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land in this colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors."

Our fathers also tried to civilize and christianize the natives. The men were taught to read and write, and the women were taught to spin. In Cambridge, a separate building was erected and called the "Indian College." For more than fifty years students of that race were there, and one is mentioned who, according to the custom of that day, made a public confession of some fault in the chapel at prayers; "and the flowing of his passions was extraordinarily timed, and his expressions accented, and most peculiarly and emphatically those of the grace of God to him; which indeed," says President Leverett, "did give a peculiar grace to the performance itself, and raised, I believe, a charity in some, that had very little I am sure, and ratified wonderfully that which I had conceived of him. Having made his public confession, he was restored





to his standing in the College." There is, however, only a single Indian who is recorded in the College Catalogue as having graduated. His name was Caleb Cheeshaliteaumuck, and he belonged to the class of 1665. It was found very difficult to educate these people. They seemed, like the gypsies, to prefer a roving to a sedentary life. The love of their native woods was born in them, and, even after they had finished their studies, they nearly all went back to their wild life.

Wherever the experiment has been tried, it has been with the same result. They cannot be weaned from their original practices and bred to habits of regular industry. They cannot acquire the sciences and the arts, and still less the amenities of civilized life. This indeed seems to be recognized and expressed in one of their legends, by which the attempt is made to account for the differences existing among mankind. When the Great Spirit made man, he first took some dust, mixed and dried it and blew upon it, sending it from his hand, and there stood before him the white man. The Great Spirit was sorry. What he had made was not what he intended. The man was white, and looked feeble and sickly. But the Great Spirit said, "I have given you life. You are not what I want. But I will not take away your life." Then the Great Spirit mixed the dust again, and, drying, blew upon it and there stood before him a black man. The Great Spirit was grieved. This man was dark and ugly; so he bade him stand aside, and mixing up the dust again, he blew upon it,



and there stood before him a red man. The Great Spirit smiled. At this moment there was an opening in the heavens, and through it descended slowly three boxes. Then the Great Spirit spoke: "I have given life to you all. The red man alone is my favorite, but you all shall live. You must however fulfil, each of you, the duties that are suited to you. These three boxes contain the tools you are to use in getting what is necessary to support you." So saying, he called the white man and said, "You are not my favorite, but I made you first. Open these boxes and look, and choose which you will take. They contain the implements you are all three to use through life." The white man opened the boxes, looked in and said "I'll take this." It was full of pens, ink and paper, and all things white people use. The Great Spirit looked at the black man, saying: "I made you next, but I cannot allow you to have the second choice." Then, turning to the red man, he smiled and spoke, "Come, my favorite, and make a choice." The red man looked into the two remaining boxes and said: "I'll take this." That one was full of beaver traps, bows and arrows and all the kind of things the Indians use. Then the Great Spirit said to the negro, "You can take this"; and that was full of hoes and axes, plainly showing that the black man was made to labor for both the white and red man. That is the Indians' view of the origin of man; and it has proved true, at least in this, that the red man has not been able to accomplish much with the articles either of the white man's or the black man's box.



The efforts also that were made to christianize the Indians, though undertaken with great devotedness and zeal, appear to have met with comparatively small success. They asked many puzzling questions about the doctrines. Their attitude in relation to Christianity might perhaps be expressed in the blunt words of Red Jacket: "If the Great Spirit had intended that they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men, having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime."

In extenuation of the severity which was employed by the Puritans in their conflicts with the aborigines, it must be remembered that they were in constant terror for themselves and their families; that they knew not how soon their houses might be reduced to a heap of ruins, and their wives and children brought to a most dreadful death; that they had to deal with a cruel, cunning and treacherous foe, who spared neither sex nor age, who cut out children's tongues, and made necklaces from the fingers of his captives. In indignation and exasperation, is it strange that the colonists should have retaliated in order to intimidate these barbarians? The public safety seemed to require that such fiends should be extirpated. Their own existence, they thought, could be secured only by the utter destruction of their enemies. And, in this course, they



believed that they were upheld by the Old Testament. They considered that they were commissioned to root out these Canaanites, to smite them hip and thigh, and to hew them in pieces before the Lord. They felt that they were the chosen people and that they must drive the heathen out of the land. We shudder as we read of some of the enormities that they committed — of the selling and transporting prisoners as slaves to the Bermudas; of the burning of the Pequod fort by which hundreds of men, women and children perished in the flames; of the mutilation of the lifeless body of Philip, which was quartered, while his head was placed on a pole and carried in triumph to Plymouth on Thanksgiving day. We have no apology to make for such frightful deeds. Only we must bear in mind the intolerant and unenlightened spirit of the age.

While we must all lament these exceptional cruelties, it is nevertheless true, that no parallel can be drawn between the principles and practices of our forefathers in regard to the Indians and those of their descendants. No language can too severely denounce the iniquities and the outrages, the shameful extortions that have been perpetrated year after year upon them. Instead of being benefited from their proximity to us, they have greatly suffered from it. They have been treated by those on the frontier as if they were wild beasts, rather than their brother men. Our government has not kept its plighted faith, but it has broken its most solemn treaties. There has not been an Indian war since the days of Washington in which the



white man has not been the aggressor.* If we had been more just and humane, they would have been more peaceable and quiet. At the same time we must acknowledge that the disappearance of this race could not have been prevented, and seems to be a providential necessity. Since they cannot be civilized and assimilated with us, since they remain stationary and have no desire to improve or to live otherwise than as their fathers lived, they must pass away, like the forests. Hunting grounds cannot co-exist with civilization, and as we increase they must decrease. This country is manifestly designed to be the theatre of action for a new type of humanity, which is to be formed by the mingling of all the races of the old world, and by which the greatest results are yet to be wrought out.

The Indian wars in which our fathers were trained prepared them for the struggles of the Revolution. Let us never forget what we owe to their valor and self-sacrifice by whom our fair inheritance was purchased. Especially let us gratefully remember those who, when the very existence of the colony hung trembling in the balance, and it seemed as if the entire community would be swept away, took their lives in their hands and nobly shed their blood on the high places of the field.

*It was the belief of the Iroquois that no white man was ever admitted to the Indian heaven, except Washington, because of his justice and kindness to their race. He is regarded as being in a state of perfect felicity, enjoying the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit, and the faithful Indian, as he enters heaven, passes the enclosure where he is, and sees and recognizes him as he walks to and fro in quiet meditation.



"We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk."

Let the story of the men whom we commemorate this day, who at such fearful odds bravely withstood tenfold their own number and gave themselves as martyrs to their country, be told to each successive generation, that all may emulate their heroism, and that their names may be kept in honor to the end of time.

THE CELEBRATION.

The eighteenth of April, 1876, was the two hundredth anniversary of the battle of Green Hill, in King Philip's war. The site of the engagement is about one mile south of the centre of the town of Sudbury. The manner of the observance of this "Bi-Centennial Anniversary" was agitated for some months previous to its occurrence, and in the warrant calling a town meeting in March, an article was inserted, as follows: "To see what action the town will take in reference to the observance of the eighteenth day of March, 1876, as the bi-centennial anniversary of the sacrifice of Captain Wadsworth and his men in King Philip's war."

The town voted to observe the day, and chose J. P. Fairbank, T. P. Hurlbut and T. J. Sanderson as committee to make the necessary arrangements. Subsequently this committee reported to the town their plan and programme, which was accepted, and an appropriation sufficient to carry out the same was made.

On the arrival of the day, the exercises were commenced by the forming of a procession on the Common, in the centre of the town, composed of citizens in carriages, the scholars of the public schools, and others on foot, headed by the Sudbury Cornet Band. Under the direction of Homer Rogers, Chief Marshal, the procession moved to the monument, where a brief history of its erection was given by T. P. Hurlbut, in response to the following sentiment, offered by Jonas S. Hunt:

WADSWORTH MONUMENT — The joint tribute of the State of Massachusetts and the town of Sudbury.

MR. HURLBUT'S ADDRESS.

This is the great Centennial year. All over our land the Fourth of July, 1876, will be hailed as the one-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the nation as a free and independent people. The older portion of this company have in their youth been acquainted with some who were upon the stage of action one hundred years ago, and have heard from their lips thrilling accounts of



the scenes and sufferings of those times, and even those who are comparatively young are able to recall to mind the venerable form of the respected centennarian of Sudbury, John Goodnow, who was among the last of the Revolutionary pensioners, and who died at the advanced age of nearly 102 years.

But the event which we now commemorate preceded the independence of the United States by another hundred years, and none now living have ever seen any of those who were active participants in the struggles and sufferings of that day; and we are dependent, for our knowledge of them, upon evidence other than the verbal testimony of those who were then living witnesses. Various methods have been adopted to perpetuate the memory of distinguished men and important events. Prominent among these is the erection of monuments. This custom is of ancient origin. More than three thousand years ago, in the journeyings of the Israelites from Egypt to the promised land, when under the leadership of Joshua they were come to the river Jordan, the waters were divided and the Israelites passed over on dry ground. By direction of God, Joshua chose twelve men of the children of Israel, out of every tribe a man, and they took up twelve stones out of the midst of Jordan, and Joshua pitched them in Gilgal. And he gave further direction to the people, saying: "When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, What mean ye by these stones? then ye shall let your children know, saying: Israel came over this Jordan on dry land; and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever."

The first monument erected on this spot was placed here by President Wadsworth, of Harvard College, son of Captain Samuel Wadsworth. This monument was falling to decay, and many individuals felt that something should be done to preserve it. The attention of the town was first called to it by an article in the warrant, as follows: "To see if the town will take any measures to rebuild the monument over the remains of Captain Wadsworth and his men who were killed by the Indians near Green Hill." The meeting at which action was taken on this article was holden on the tenth day of November, 1851, and a committee of twenty-five, of which Colonel Drury Fairbank was chairman, was chosen to investigate the subject and report at a future meeting. On the twenty-sixth of January, 1852, the committee made a partial report, and were instructed to petition the Legislature for aid in the erection of a monument. In accordance with these instructions, the committee of the town presented their petition, and were heard by the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom the petition was referred. A resolve was reported appropriating five hundred dollars towards defraying the expense of repairing or rebuilding in a substantial manner the monument in the town of Sudbury, erected by President Wadsworth, of Harvard College, about the year 1730, to the memory of Captain Samuel Wadsworth, and a large number of



other officers and soldiers in the service of the colony, who were slain upon the spot marked by the monument, on the eighteenth of April, 1676, in the defense of that town against the Indians. The committee say in their report, by way of urging the passage of the resolve, "It would be an indelible stain upon the escutcheon of Massachusetts and a source of the deepest mortification to her sons, if a single spark of patriotic feeling remained in their bosoms, if these sacred memorials of her past history were permitted to go to destruction merely because their preservation would involve the expenditure of a few paltry dollars from the public treasury."

The resolve was passed by the Legislature, and the money expended under the direction of His Excellency the Governor, in connection with a committee of the town of Sudbury. The monument, together with a road leading to the spot, was completed at an expense of nearly two thousand dollars. The amount above the gift of the State was appropriated by the town. On the twenty-third of November, 1852, the monument was dedicated. The remains of the ancient dead were taken from their former grave and placed in boxes. Portions of twenty-nine skeletons, corresponding to the number recorded as buried there, were found. The bones were in a remarkable state of preservation, some of them bearing marks of blows that were given two hundred years ago. A historical address was delivered by His Excellency George S. Boutwell, then Governor of the Commonwealth. The boxes containing the remains were placed in the vault beneath the monument, the aperture was closed and the ancient slab erected by President Wadsworth placed in front. This is a brief historic outline of the erection of the monument, of the disinterment of the fallen heroes, and their reburial beneath their memorial stone. The monument stands before you in its strength and symmetry of proportions, and there is now no need, and there will be in the time to come no need, that the children shall ask their fathers, saying: "What mean ye by these stones?" since through the art of printing and by the lettering upon it, the monument is made to tell its own story.

But why do we observe this anniversary day? and what are the lessons which this occasion brings? In answer to these inquiries I will say but a single word, and this I can best do in the language of a former much-respected and beloved citizen of Sudbury, Nahum Thompson, Esq., since deceased, who was chairman of the committee, on the part of the town, that superintended the erection of the monument, and was also president of the day at its dedication. In introducing the exercises at that time he said, "We have assembled upon this interesting occasion, to recall to our minds the services and sufferings of our forefathers, those devoted men who sacrificed their lives that they might become, as it were, stepping-stones to the attainment of those innumerable and inestimable blessings and privileges, both civil and religious, which we, their descendants, are permitted to enjoy, and to dedicate to their



memory yonder monument, that granite pillar, durable as the names of Wadsworth, Brocklebank and Sharp are imperishable.

Returning to the centre of the town, the people assembled in the Unitarian Church, and were called to order by J. P. Fairbank, president of the day. Prayer was offered by Rev. George A. Oviatt, pastor of the Congregational Church. An oration was given by Prof. E. J. Young, of Harvard College, after which short addresses were made in response to sentiments offered by J. S. Hunt, Esq., toastmaster of the occasion.

THE NAME OF WADSWORTH—Cherished in honor and affection by the people of Sudbury for services upon the battle-field, and by the people of Massachusetts for services in the halls of learning.

CAPT. E. D. WADSWORTH,

Of Milton, a descendant of Captain Wadsworth, of Green Hill battle, gave the following account of the Wadsworth family:

Captain Samuel Wadsworth, of Milton, was the third son of Christopher and Grace Wadsworth, of Duxbury. Christopher Wadsworth is said to be the first of the name that came to New England. The date of his landing is unknown. He was one of the first settlers of Duxbury, a contemporary of Miles Standish. He was Assistant Governor of Plymouth Colony in 1636. A part of his estate is now, or was a few years since, in possession of his descendants of the same name of the sixth generation. Christopher lived to old age, and died in 1680. Captain Samuel Wadsworth was born in Duxbury in 1630, and moved to Milton, then a part of Dorchester, about 1656. He took the freeman's oath in 1668. The first time that his name appears in the records of Dorchester is in 1661, when he was appointed with others to view the fence in the common cornfield. He took an active part in the formation of the new town, of Milton, which was incorporated in 1662; also an active part in church and town affairs, his name appearing oftener on the town records the last few years of his life than any other as selectman and as attorney for the town in collecting debts due the town and in defending the town in suits brought against it before the courts.

In deeds of lands to him he is spoken of first as a carpenter, later as a yeoman, and last as captain. One deed, dated September 9th, 1680, to heirs of Captain S. Wadsworth, reads as follows: "Capt. Roger Clap of Castle Island in the Massachusetts Bay in New England and Joane his wife in consideration of a valuable sume of lawful money of New England to them in hand formerly paid by Capt. Samuel Wadsworth of Milton in the afores^d Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England Dece^d in his lifetime, the



receipt whereof they do hereby acknowledge, and themselves fully satisfied and contented, have given, granted, bargained, sold, aliened, enfeoffed, and confirmed unto Abigail Wadsworth Relie, widow of s'd Sam'l Wadsworth and to the heirs of s'd Saml Wadsworth a certain parcel of Land &c."

Captain Samuel Wadsworth was the father of seven children — six sons and a daughter, as follows: Ebenezer, born in 1660, died in 1734; was deacon of the church in Milton; had four children — three sons and a daughter. George, the youngest, grandson of Captain Samuel, born in 1699, was an ensign in Captain Goffe's company of colonial troops, at the siege of Havana, in 1740.

Christopher, second son of Captain Wadsworth, born in 1661, unmarried, died in 1687.

Timothy, third son, born in 1662, was a carpenter and gun-maker; had four children — two sons and two daughters. Recompense, the younger son, was educated at Cambridge, and was master of the Grammar school in Boston. Timothy moved to Newport, R. I., and died there.

Hon. Joseph, the fourth son, was born in 1667, and died in 1750. He was much in public life, and Treasurer of Boston for many years. He had four children — one son and three daughters.

Rev. Benjamin was the fifth son, born in 1670; graduated at Harvard College in 1690; was ordained minister of the First Church, in Boston, September eighth, 1696; was made President of Harvard College, July seventh, 1725, and died March sixteenth, 1737. He married Ruth Curwin, of Salem, but left no children.

The sixth child was Abigail, who was born in 1672, and married Andrew Boardman of Cambridge.

The sixth son, and youngest child, was Deacon John, of Milton, born in 1674; was Representative to the General Court in 1732, and died in 1734. He married Elizabeth Vose, and had twelve children. It is from him that the branch of the family at present occupying the old homestead is descended. Deacon John was associated with Samuel Miller and Moses Belcher, in 1711, in the purchase of three thousand acres of land, situated one-half in the south part of Milton, the rest in Quincy, a portion of which is still owned by his descendants by the name of Tucker.

His eldest son, Rev. John, was born in 1703, graduated at Harvard in 1723, settled in Palmer, Mass., moved to Coos, N. H., and died there.

Deacon Benjamin Wadsworth, second son of Deacon John and grandson of Captain Samuel, was born in Milton in 1707; married Esther Tucker in 1735, and had ten children — three sons and seven daughters. He built a house about the time of his marriage, which is still standing, and occupied by one of his descendants. Only two of his sons lived to manhood.

Rev. Benjamin graduated at Harvard in 1769, ordained in Danvers, Mass., in 1773, and died in 1826, aged seventy-five, in the fifty-fourth year of his ministry.



John, eldest son of Deacon Benjamin, was born in 1739, married Katherine Bullard, and had five children. He was one of the minute men in 1775, and started with his company for the battle-field of Lexington, but was unable to proceed, being then in ill health, and died the same year, aged thirty-six, leaving a widow and four small children, none old enough to take part in the war which followed; but his patriotic widow sent her team to transport material for the fortification of Dorchester Heights at the time the British troops were driven out of Boston. Three of John's sons settled in Milton, and divided the old homestead between them. Joseph, the eldest, was a blacksmith. Benjamin, the second son, was a wheelwright and plough-maker — wooden ploughs only being in use in those days — and his make became famous, not only in Milton, but in all the adjoining towns. Deacon William, the third son, was a cabinet-maker.

One son of Joseph is now living in Franklin, Mass., aged eighty-two. Mary, daughter of Benjamin, is now living in the house built by Deacon Benjamin, grandson of Captain Samuel Wadsworth, aged eighty. Thomas Thatcher, youngest son of Benjamin, is also living on the old homestead, aged seventy-seven.

These three are all that are now known to be living of the fifth generation from Captain Wadsworth. There are also two families of the sixth generation living in Milton, one on the old estate.

THE TOWN OF WAYLAND — One with Sudbury for the first century and a half, during the last century she has been making her own history.

Responded to by L. H. Sherman, chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Wayland.

MR. SHERMAN'S ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I wish that the duty and pleasure of responding to this sentiment had fallen to better hands; but as it has fallen upon me, permit me to say in behalf of the citizens of Wayland that it was with sincere pleasure we accepted your invitation to meet here to-day to celebrate an event which is memorable alike to us as to you; an event in municipal history common to us all, shared by your ancestors and ours, and two hundred years ago to-day alike mourned in sorrow on either side of the river. The interest and significance of this event, with its thrilling details, have been fully and justly considered to-day, and whatever of glory or renown pertains to it we claim to share with you as a common heritage. For many long and pleasant years the towns of Sudbury and



Wayland were one in name, and therefore have a common history and always one in interest.

The river, which forms a part of our division line, is not like some of the rivers of Europe, which impede communication, thereby creating differences in language, customs and manners, distinct nationalities, strangers and enemies; but one presenting such slight obstacles to communication as to tempt rather than impede. Besides, your interests in seeking a market and procuring supplies, have led you across our borders, while your water power has ground our corn and sawed the lumber for our houses. Socially, the two sections have been closely connected, while possibly the river has lent a peculiar attraction. For I have heard it said by those of olden time that the maidens on our side the river were wont to feel a little resentment that our young men sought the maidens on your side; but they had their compensation in the fact that your young men sought them. As an illustration of this, I think I may be pardoned for saying that as I trace my ancestry, for three generations, I find them equally divided on either side the river.

Quietly in yonder churchyard, side by side, sleep our dead with yours, while across the river sleep your dead with ours. Thus have the bonds between the two sections been growing stronger.

For more than fifty years, Wayland has sought its way alone under its present separate name. And as the son who, on coming to his majority, leaves his father, thinking himself the wiser man, and having younger blood in his veins is inclined to be progressive, while the father, having greater experience, tends to the conservative, so the relation of the two towns may not be widely dissimilar. Sudbury has possibly thought Wayland a little fast, while, perhaps, Wayland has thought Sudbury a little conservative. Either extreme would have its disadvantages, while one should balance the other. The son may be more progressive, while the counsels of the father may guide his steps in wisdom.

We remember, with something of pride, that it was a citizen of Wayland who procured the passage of the act of the Legislature establishing free public libraries. Wayland was in advance of Sudbury, in establishing such a library, one-half of which was given by a resident of another place. Sudbury looked on and waited, and now enjoys a larger library, the whole of which was given by a resident of another place. The educational advantages of several years were on one side, the pecuniary advantages on the other. Wayland, true to her progressive instincts, erected the first High school house, yet inclined to the modern and expensive style of architecture. Sudbury followed with hers, securing everything of real value in simple, inexpensive style. In these centennial times, when our thoughts go back to the plainer ways of our fathers, as they wrought heroic deeds, and with a burden of debt resting upon us, the needful and simple present greater claims to our regard.

Wayland has rapidly increased in industrial wealth. Shops



and houses have sprung up, and with the hum of busy wheels make prosperous and happy homes. On the sure foundation of industry, churches and school-houses have risen to add the crowning glory of educational, moral and religious privileges. Nor do we forget that the citizens of Sudbury have lent their capital, the advantages of which have been mutual.

Mr. Chairman, it would be pleasant to trace still further the happy relations existing between the two sections, but allow me to close with the following sentiment :

SUDBURY AND WAYLAND — Though divided by name, yet one in interest, and each the complement of the other.

The next sentiment was as follows :

THE TOWN OF MAYNARD — Our last offspring ; what is lacking in territory is compensated in enterprise.

John Hillis, Esq., of Maynard, was introduced, and made an interesting and appropriate speech, after which the Hon. John A. Goodwin, of Lowell, was called upon as a son-in-law of Sudbury, having married one of her daughters twenty-six years ago, and achieving much success in public life as a natural consequence.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOODWIN.

It is pleasant to have an opportunity of joining in this tribute to the memory of those who, two hundred years ago, here closed godly lives with heroic deaths, and made this soil "hallowed ground." It would be indeed presumptuous to try to shed new light on a subject which the orator of the day has just treated with such learning, eloquence and candor ; but we may join him in the expressions of gratitude to Wadsworth, Brocklebank, Sharp, and their brave comrades.

They saw the two young colonies overrun by a blood-thirsty foe, destitute of honor or good faith, and who knew nothing of mercy to a vanquished opponent. The mother and the infant in her arms, the blooming maiden, the messenger of mercy to the sick, and the white-haired clergyman at his devotions, were equally with the armed soldier the objects of their murderous rage. Fortunate were the victims, of whatever degree, if the savage bullet or tomahawk by sudden death spared them from preliminary tortures.

Poetry and romance have presented us with an ideal King Philip, putting into his mouth noble and heroic utterances, involving principles which the real Philip could not comprehend, and which, if made clear to him, would have been indignantly repudiated. History shows that the colonies were highly regardful of the rights of



the Indians, besides caring for them in sickness and famine, and making great efforts to teach them the arts of civilization and the truths of Christianity. Isolated cases of wrong on both sides will always occur where two such races are intermingled; but it was not to such exceptional events that the war was due. The innate blood-thirstiness of the savages, and their longing to plunder the dwellings and storehouses of the whites, were far more influential causes. We are not called upon to commemorate the heroes of Green Hill with half praise and qualified approval. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," but they gave life itself for the advancement of Christian civilization and for the welfare of their posterity.

Fearful was the cost of the victory over heathenism, but glorious have been the results. On that fatal afternoon, two hundred years ago, how far were the most sanguine hopes of Wadsworth as to the future of New England, from the reality that we behold. Impossible, too, is it for us to foresee or understand all the material and moral progress that our posterity shall develop.

May we be in our day as true to the duty before us as were the heroes whose grave to-day we meet to honor, and may we teach our children to train up their successors in the same path. Then, as the generations pass in long succession, they who stand here two hundred years hence, shall find that the devotion of the fathers and the faithfulness of the children continues to bear abundant and ever increasing fruit.



THE WAYSIDE INN AND THE RED HORSE TAVERN IN SUMMERY.

Two names stand for the same thing. Genius and poetry have made the first familiar as a household word, but there are few in this generation who will recognize the second. Every reader of English verse has stopped at the Wayside Inn; the Red Horse Tavern is remembered only by belated travellers here and there, and by them only as a dim tradition. Here is Longfellow's portrait of the first:—

One autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the Wayside Inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hongkong Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn and crazy doots,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimney huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills;
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the painting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse pines on the sign.

Mrs. George Lunt has drawn a true and singularly interesting sketch of the second in Harper's Monthly for September. This popular hostelry was long kept by Mr. Howe, a prosperous farmer whose broad acres stretched through meadow and woodland for miles away. His household consisted of his good wife, with ample force of male and female accessories,—two sons, Lyman and Adam, a daughter Jerusha, and an ancient nurse, "Aunt Margev," whose proud title to distinction was that she at one time officiated as nurse to a young gentleman who afterward became famous under the name of Dr. Jacob Riggelow. The members of this old time country household, the appearance and atmosphere of the hospitable country inn are happily portrayed in Mrs. Lunt's attractive narrative, which well deserves a place as a companion picture to those which Longfellow long ago hung in the chambers of The Wayside Inn. Miss Jerusha Howe is described as having great common sense, combined with refined tastes, musical accomplishments and rare domestic qualities. She had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school in a distant city, and in many families of the merchants of the day she was always a welcome guest. With devoted parents and brothers who worshipped her as if she were a creature almost

Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,

she was indeed the very queen of the mansion.

Lyman and Adam Howe were helpful in the farm-work in a moderate degree, but not at all given to hard work of any description. During the winters Lyman sometimes taught school, and there was nothing he enjoyed more than to drill a class of boys in arithmetic. They were both simple-hearted and extremely good-natured, and pleasant and gentle in manner. Adam was unpretentious in tastes, and possessed no longings beyond his own home, which was to him the only place on earth. Lyman, on the other hand, had aspirations, and was fond of the acquaintance of superior men, and those of higher caste than those with whom he was commonly thrown, as the arduous professions of his father's

stock were unsteady, and therefore, as a means of securing a permanent income, he had taken the voice. These brothers were passionately fond of music, and to them later came the sister Jerusha, when she sat at the old Clement piano and warbled forth the air of "Bridal Masque" or "Bourne Duane" was a half-inspired being to whom it might not be thought worthy to kneel.

When the old people died the house descended to Lyman, "the squire." He had served on the school committee and the board of selectmen, and was a prominent man in the community. He was strangely interested in astronomy; and when the cares of the hotel or conflicts with his housekeepers had ruffled his bachelor soul, he took refuge with his telescope to the open heavens and scotched his sensibilities with a sight of "Andromeda's breast" and the stately march of the stars. Many entertaining stories are told of the trials of the Red Horse under the squire's management. He was vain of his accomplishments, but his housekeepers usually got the better of him. On one occasion preparations were being made by a certain housekeeper, who was a widow with one daughter, to send the girl, who had attained the dignity of sixteen years, to a distant boarding-school. The fond mother was one day explaining to some ladies what her daughter required, and expressed herself in this way:—

"She is a good girl, is Sophron; there ain't a better girl in the world 'n she is; but she does 'want morals."

A shadow of horror passed over the faces of the listeners, while the squire, in his kindly way, ventured to explain, for he was most anxious always that his domestics should appear to the best advantage. "Ab, you don't mean that, you mean 'she wants polish; she wants—' but it was of no use.

"Lyman Howe," she broke in, "I ain't a fool. I 'don't mean nothin' of the sort. I mean just what I say. She wants morals, and she shall go where 'she can git 'em."

One March morning the squires was found insensible in his bed, and before the day closed the last of that family was lying dead. They who are left of that circle look back fondly and reverently upon those days which held for them so much of simple happiness. In the retrospect that passage of life seems dearer than anything since, and they turn to it as to an old picture sunned and glowing with warm rich color. Among them all there was one left to tell the story, one who, forsaking the town, ventured to the rest of a winter in the old place, and even then, without society, facing a chain in the woodcutted ways, where the woodcutters' axe rung through the silence, and the lofty pines were piled with their snowy plumage, and the icy lakes invited the skater's skill, and the bare freedom of nature's existence became a fascination. Thus was it the fate of one to stay through the tragedy,—the tragedy that came after the comedy, for what could be sadder than the funeral of the squire, and that last, drearier scene, the auction! Oh, the pity of it, when the bores and the clowns, and the carpers and the curious, and the malign and the marploties, and a right to walk through the sacred corners of the old inn, and make their petty hints and glib jokes upon the dead man's chattels! And how it is added to the list of New England's sad places, like many others, when there is nothing left to show. The poet touched it with his wand, and, like the Tabard of Chaucer, has it blossomed into immortality. Now people make visits to it, not for what they know of it, but for what has been built upon it. And the pilgrim who wanders there today will find some modern toiler of the soil sitting in the old bar-room, scorn of his character, smoking his pipe after his mid-day meal, and a young woman, stepping forward, will ask him if he will be pleased to see the Lalayette chantor, "where it is well known that the Froonian lay one night at least." Shade of Chlo, how does thy scroll unfold! I am told that there is much more that is curious and historic. But who somebody ask me the other day if I had ever been to Longfellow's Wayside Inn, and secondly, "would you go there?" He had been there, and had seen the Washington chamber as well as that already mentioned. Have I ever been there? What a chord was touched in that careless question! So through life are tenderest memories breathed upon. I had almost replied, "I was born



